

The Register.

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SPECTACLES of every description, FANCY
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ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

AND
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Particular attention paid to
Relief to insolvents and protection
to Creditors.

Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 8th, A.D. 1868.

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
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Office in Bewster's Block, over Simons & Co.'s
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J. M. L. SIMONS & CO.,
Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures,
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SpeciaL NOTICE.—I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THE OPENING OF A GROCERY STORE AT
MIDDLEBURY, Vt., ON THE 1st OF JANUARY,
1868.

A. J. STEELE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Opposite Post Office,
MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

In these features, "The World," which invites comparison with any other journal.

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The Weekly World, a large quarto sheet, same size as Daily, is now printed mostly in large type, and (since its union with the New York Argus) has the largest circulation of any weekly journal published, save one. It is an unrivaled journal for the Farmer, Live Stock or Produce Dealer, Country Merchant, etc. Published Wednesday.

The Semi-Weekly World is a large quarto sheet, same size as Daily, which by omitting the great mass of city advertisements from the Daily, contains every thing else that appears in the daily and weekly editions. Published Tuesday & Friday.

The Daily World affords a complete compendium and discussion of the news of every day.

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One copy one year, \$2; 4 copies one year, separately addressed, \$7; 10 copies one year, separately addressed, \$15; 20 copies one year to one address, \$23;

" " separately addressed \$27; 50 " " to one address, \$51; " " separately addressed \$55;

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One copy one year, \$1; 4 copies one year, separately addressed, \$10; 10 copies one year, to one address, \$20; 10 copies one year separately addressed, \$22;

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Weekly, one year; for club of 20 to one

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JACKSON'S CATARRH SNUFF
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A DELIGHTFUL & PLEASANT REMEDY IN
CATARRH, Headache, Bad Breath, Hoarseness,
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And all Disorders resulting from Colds in
Head, Throat and Vocal Organs.

This Remedy does not dry up a Catarrh but
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lays and soothes the burning heat in Catarrh; is
so mild and agreeable in its effects that it positively

Cures Without Sneezing!

A Troche Powder, is pleasant to the taste,
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Delicious &useful Cough and Cough-

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TAKE no more unpleasant and unsafe
Remedies for unpleasant and dangerous
diseases than Jackson's Extract and
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Remedies for unpleasant and dangerous
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Improved Root Wine.

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Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1868.

NO. 44

1868. "THE WORLD." 1868

MISCELLANY.

Waited for at Downey.

AN ENGLISH RAILWAY EXPERIENCE.

At the opening of the year 1868, THE WORLD challenges, more confidently than ever, the sympathy and support of all patriotic citizens. A glorious work has been gloriously begun. Deep already answers to deep. The long fidelity of this journal to the cause of Liberty protected by Law stands most vindicated in a splendor of victory shining from Maine to California. Connecticut, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, have thundered forth their verdict upon the misrule and madness of the Past. But much more still remains to be done. The Radical party still decrees the death of representative self government in ten sovereign States. Armed with military despotism and wholesale Negro Suffrage, it desperately grasps at a permanent lease of power in defiance of public opinion, at the cost of enormous taxes and of crippled industries, at the cost of Union and Peace.

To the great battle still to be fought THE WORLD will give all its efforts, all its energies. It asks of its friends in their turn as much; it asks of them more readers and a wider influence. It asks of them more readers and a wider influence. It asks of them more confidence in its claims as a newspaper and as an organ of opinion.

The chief use of a Newspaper is to give its readers

ALL THE NEWS.

For this the facilities of THE WORLD are unsurpassed by any journal in the United States. It seeks to excel by an accuracy and candor, a spirit and freshness in its news columns which shall command it to readers of whatever party, creed or creeds.

As I stood at my door, looking for a passing cab, I could not help wishing that I had taken my wife's advice, and gone to Downey by an earlier train. The weather was much worse instead of better, and not only did the wind blow as boisterously as it had done all day, but its gusts now drove before them a heavy rain which would have wetted me through in a very few minutes. As a rule, disengaged cabs, crawling slowly past my house were a nuisance, and now I had waited full a quarter of an hour without seeing one, and I knew that the margin beyond the number of minutes absolutely necessary for getting to the station was growing dangerously narrow. There was a howl—there was a deluge! I could never walk to the station in this. Ah! there was one. In answer to the man's hail, I dashed through my little garden and in a few seconds was inside a four-wheeler.

"Great Southern, sir Yes sir," said the man, as he stood at the door, the rain pouring from his olskin in streams. "An uncommon nasty night sir."

It was, and so I should fancy the poor fellow found it, for when he opened the door for me to alight at the station, a complete ring of water formed where he stood. We were in pretty good time, after all, and I got my ticket and was seated comfortably in the carriage for some minutes before starting. There were very few passengers in any of the carriages and in the one by which I traveled, and which was marked for the Downey branch, there were but two or three, and I was the only occupant of my compartment. The last bell had rung, the whistle had sounded, the preliminary roar from the engine had been given, and then of course, had followed the first tug, when I heard a voice shout—

"This way, sir, this way."

A guard tore along the platform, followed by a belated passenger; my door was unlocked, the stranger jumped pointing in, the door was slammed to, a sharp clanged hands rapidly, and we swept from the station.

"By jove," exclaimed the new com'er, wiping his forehead as he spoke, "by jove, that was a close thing."

"Very," I assented, "and the last train, too."

"The last train, certainly," said my companion. "I believe there is no way what ever of getting to Downey if you miss this train."

"There is none," I replied, "which is very nearly true."

"Oh, excessively so," returned the youth. "How you can see it?"

"Of course, I say," urged the youth, "but you, I don't know which. Have either of you ever heard of Tawell, the Quaker, who was waited for when he got out of the train, all through the electric telegraph, which was a new thing in this time?"

I started at the speaker, while my belated traveler bestowed a momentary glance upon him as before.

"Oh, come, continued the young fellow, assuming a still more knowing expression, this won't do. The train is only seven miles long, and one of you is wasting time awfully. Which of you is likely to be waited for at Downey?"

I could only continue my blank stare at the boy as he spoke; my belated traveler just moved, but I took no notice of him.

"Come, I say," urged the youth, "don't be a fool, one of you. I'm a telegraph clerk at the junction, and I have wired to Downey to have a couple of blues ready for this carriage—two hundred and forty blue; that's the number you see. Oh, that's enough," went on, turning to my new friend, "I can see which is the party you're in for, my boy."

"But—but why should—how could anybody know?" began the gentleman; and his voice was now husky and quavering.

"That doesn't matter, that I say," retorted the youth; "the only question is, are you afraid of a policeman just now, or are you not?"

"Well, there are circumstances at present."

"That will do," interrupted the clerk.

"I don't want to hear particulars. It was the guard of the down train, Bill Nixon (he's been a policeman himself), taking the station master at the junction on the sent. They were very close over it. Didn't say to me, 'Here Sam, you share in what ever reward we get,' and, of course, they expect to get something!"

"But what is the use of your telling me now?" said the boy, as he stepped out of the carriage.

"Just this," returned Mr. Samuel. "Can you find a pound or two for advice that will get you out of Downey in our direction?"

"Yes, here are five sovereigns. Will you take them?"

"Good," said the boy, dropping the money into his pocket; "now listen—"

"About a mile this side of Downey, the road is under repair, and the orders are not to run over it more than five miles an hour—in fact, just before they get there, the train very nearly stops. Tell him to take the right place to jump out, and I've got a key. If this other party can manage it he will better make himself scarce too, I think. There will be a row when they open the doors at Downey."

"But what will you do?" asked my belated traveler.

"Why, you don't suppose I should be such a fool as to stay in after you had got out," retorted the clerk, with a laugh. "Nobody knows I'm in the train, and it's worth my walking four miles to my lodgings if I can earn five pounds by doing it."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the stranger, throwing himself back with the languid air of one who takes no interest in a conversation. "Do we stop again before we arrive at the Downey branch?"

"No," I replied.

"Very good, then," he continued, "let us make ourselves comfortable."

And, by way of doing this, he unlocked a black valise he had with him, and drew out a couple of bottles of champagne, which proved as good in quality as his cigars. He next produced contrivances for glasses, which shut up into a merrily jingling. With these appliances, we very merrily journeyed over the twelve miles which remained of the main line, when "Downey Junction" was now shouted; and, as soon as we came to a stand, our carriage was detached from the train.

"All tickets ready, if you please," said the collector, appearing at the door. As we huddled our pieces of pasteboard to the man, the same guard who had twice before looked in, peered over his shoulder, to the annoyance of my companion, who muttered something strongly conformative of his impudicence.

In another moment the main line train was thundering over the viaduct, and lashing, with its roarings and its sparks, into the utter darkness of the night, while

our modest little engine came fussing out of some siding, and was hooked on to its smaller charge.

"Now we're off to Downey," exclaimed my new friend.